

stranger things have happened - before and after you.

by **VeniVeritas**

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Summary:

Mike is out with his friends, so Nancy is stuck babysitting El. The silence between them is unbearable for Nancy, so she seeks to lighten the mood with truth or dare.

But soon, that innocent game turns into something not so innocent, and Nancy learns a few things about herself. So does Eleven.

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Eleven hasn't known Mike's sister for very long – or Mike either, for that matter. In ways she can't piece together, time slows down when she's with him, her vision focuses on him. She loses her focus, the focus that had allowed her to survive for so long. When he's gone, everything is normal again, and it causes an uncomfortable feeling in the pit of her stomach. So, she sits with Nancy in his room, silent and shifting. Nancy takes notice of this, standing by the door. She elects not to say anything for now.

But then forty minutes go by and Mike still isn't back – likely out with Lucas or Dustin. She doesn't mind, really. Of all of her brother's friends, Eleven is the most well behaved. But as a result of that, she's also ... the most uninteresting. Boring is good, though, boring is *welcome*. Things have been so crazy lately that the uncomfortable silence between the two girls is something Nancy relishes in. She can see that Eleven is getting more antsy as time goes on, though, so she sits on the bed next to her, offering up a smile.

"It's okay. He's ... probably just playing that stupid game with his friends, or something. He hasn't forgotten you." she moves to place a hand on Eleven's shoulder, but she's met with a flinch.

"I..." El begins, then shakes her head.

"I know. You don't have to say it." surprisingly enough, Nancy understands it. They don't get along most times, but in a weird way, she does miss her brother. Things have been better, recently. Not much, but enough. "In the meantime, you have me! I'm – I'm not *as* interesting as Mike, granted, but -"

El shakes her head. "It's ... okay. Silence is –"

"Good, yeah." she pauses, casting her gaze aside. The hand she had offered El moves to curl a finger around her hair absently, nodding. "Do you ... wanna talk? About anything?"

Again, El shakes her head. "No."

“Okay! Okay, that's ... yeah, that's okay. Uhm,” another pause, followed by an exasperated sigh. She's struck with an idea, suddenly. “Hey! We can play Truth or Dare.”

“Truth ... or – dare?”

“Yep! You see – it's like this – uhm, you pick Truth or – or Dare. So, say you pick Truth – I have to ask you a question and you have to answer it honestly. If you pick Dare, I have to tell you to do something – maybe embarrassing or – or just silly. The same goes for me.”

El's brow raises. “I *always* tell the truth. Friends don't lie.”

Nancy nods quickly, popping her lips together. “Right, *right*. Well, that will make this fun then, right?”

For the first time tonight, El smiles. “Yes. Fun.”

Nancy thinks – no. No. “Good! Okay. Should I go first or do you want to?”

“You first.”

“Okay.”

A few moments of silence pass before El understands, then dips her head as she says, “Truth – or – Dare?”

“Hmm ... dare.” God help her, she's trying.

“I – I – dare – you to ... stand on one leg.”

“That's easy!” she gets up, standing on her left leg and, for show, pulls her right leg up so her heel touches the small of her back. “See?” she smiles.

El matches this smile, but gentler, softer than her usual. “Fun?”

Nancy drops her leg, letting out a small breath. “Yeah, actually! Haven't done that in ... a while.”

“My turn.”

There's no question mark, but Nancy hears it anyway. She nods.
“Yeah. Truth or Dare?”

“Mm.”

The silence is back again as El thinks on it. Nancy gives her time, sitting back on the bed, hand brushing against hers. El doesn't flinch, perhaps too deep in thought, perhaps – “Truth.”

“Okay. Well ... do you like Mike?” it's an obvious question, and she kicks herself for asking it in the first place. But she didn't know much about Eleven, and this seemed the easiest to ask.

“He is my friend.” El says, matter-of-factly.

“Right. Of course. I mean, do you like-like him?”

“I don't understand.”

“Do you ... have a crush on him?”

“Crush?”

“Okay, this is harder than I thought. Uhm ... does being with him make you feel – good?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, okay, that's good. Does being with him make you feel like ... like there's nothing else around you?”

El stares, jaw slightly agape. She had thought those feelings private – or something, perhaps, that she imagined herself. But hearing Nancy say it out loud – “Yes.”

Nancy smiles, laying her hand on top of El's. “Does he make you happy?”

El nods.

“That's good! You like Mike.”

“Yes. I – *like like* Mike.”

Nancy laughs at the rhyme, El smiling in response to it. “Sorry, sorry. It just ... sounds funny.”

“Why?”

“I – it's hard to explain. But! You *like like* Mike. That's good! You're nice, nicer than any of his other friends.”

“Thank – you.”

“You're welcome! Uhm ... my turn, right?”

Again, El nods. “Truth – or Dare?”

“We'll do truth this time.”

“Do you – *like like* someone?”

Her mind flashes to Steve. Their ups and downs. She loves him, she thinks. But she only thinks, it's not set in stone, her heart. She's not sure. “Uhm ... I don't know.”

“Why?”

“It's – well, it's hard to explain that, too.”

“Okay.”

“Okay!” she says.

After a few more moments of uncomfortable silence, she realizes her hand is still on top of El's, and she realizes how smooth it is. She stares at it for a bit, pulling it away. But El pulls it back, looking at Nancy. She pauses, clearing her throat, using her free hand to run through her hair.

“Warm.” El says finally.

“Oh! Oh, yeah. Your hand's ... it's warm, too.”

“N – ice.”

“It is.”

“Nancy?”

“Yeah?”

“What is – kissing?”

Instinctively, she begins to pull her hand away, but then keeps it within El's own. She waits a few seconds, then clears her throat and responds. “Uhm ... it's just – something people do. With their lips.”

“Lucas – made Mike mad.”

“Why?”

“He said – Mike wanted to 'kiss' me.”

“Well ... he does. Or – or I think he does, anyway.”

“Is kissing – good?”

“Yeah! Yeah, it's like ... it's done with someone you *like like*. And ... you like Mike. Right?”

“Right.”

“So ... I think if he wants to kiss you – and you want to kiss him. It should happen.”

“I ... don't know – *how*.”

“It's easy, you just – press your lips against his.”

“How?”

Time slows down for Nancy, her heart pounds against her chest.

“Uhm –”

“Can you – show me?”

“Wh – *no*. No, I – No. I – I can't.”

“Why?”

“You’re – Mike would get mad and – and you’re ...” *young*. She thinks it, but doesn’t complete the thought.

“Oh.”

There’s something in El’s voice, the disappointment, a tone of defeat, that tugs at Nancy’s heart. She’s far too old, first off. It isn’t right. She hasn’t ever kissed a girl, secondly. And third, third – Mike liked her. And she liked Mike. But the more she looks at El, the more she sees a quiet warmth to her – more than the warmth she has in her hand. It’s something she noticed when she saw El smile for the first time tonight, it’s something she felt in her chest – apart from the tugging. Against her better judgment, she taps El’s shoulder, and El’s eyes flick back to Nancy.

“Here.” she inhales, leaning forward, placing her lips firmly on El’s. “Like that –” she kisses El again, deeper this time. “Like this.”

El’s eyes widen both times and, eventually, close as she mimics the action. She pulls away, keeping eye contact with Nancy. “Like that?”

Nancy, nearly breathless, nods. “Yeah.” she kisses El again, her free hand pressing against the back of El’s neck, pulling her closer in. Pulling a bit away, she keeps her forehead on El’s. “This is called making out.”

El smiles against Nancy’s lips as they continue to kiss – ‘make out’ as Nancy calls it. She feels Nancy’s hand on the back of her neck and places her hand in Nancy’s hair, something that elicits a sharp intake of breath from El’s partner. Nancy squeezes El’s hand, grabbing her by the wrist, placing it on one of her breasts through the sweater. El pulls away, brow raised questioningly.

“It’s – okay. You can’t do this with Mike but – it feels good.”

“O – kay.” El says, squeezing her hand.

Nancy moans again, but doesn’t continue kissing El, throwing her head back instead. She knows this makes her feel good, so she does it once more, firmer. She hears Nancy moan out something, she thinks

it's 'Oh, *buck.*' but she's unsure what that means. Nancy looks back down at El, pulling her in for another kiss, a harder kiss this time. Out of instinct, El bites Nancy's bottom lip, something else that makes Nancy feel good, apparently. She feels Nancy's hand slip from the back of her neck and in between her thighs, resting there on the blanket.

"We shouldn't – " Nancy begins. "We shouldn't be doing this –"

"But I like it." El says, pecking at Nancy's lips. "You teach me."

"Yeah ... yeah, I'm teaching you." Finally, her fingers press against El's thighs, welcoming the warmth there, too. "This is something else – do you feel warm here?"

"Yes." a pause. "And – wet?"

Nancy smiles and bites her lip in spite of herself. "Yes – that's good." she stops herself, pulls her hand back. *What are you doing, Nancy? She's twelve. You're nearly 18.* it's a loud voice, to be sure. But she starts to rationalize – she's already made out with El. Might as well go the full distance, right? "I can – uhm. I can teach you something else."

"What?"

"This." She slips her hand back between El's thighs – thankful to not feel the obstruction of panties, and presses her fingers against El's budding wetness. A sharp inhale of breath precedes the kiss she gives El, and the gentle rubbing of her young partner's pussy. "This – this is called fingering." As if to illustrate the point, she slips her middle finger in El, who promptly gasps. It's tight, but the feeling is welcoming. "You slide it in and out."

"It – it feels – *weird.*"

"But good?" Nancy asks, hopeful.

"Y – es."

"Good."

She continues without hesitation – without the pause that she had

given herself only moments earlier. The rationalization remains, so she fingers El with passion, planting a hard kiss on her lips, then down to her neck. El's hands find Nancy's hair, gripping it tightly. Her moans are small, soft, as to be expected of a child; but Nancy finds pleasure in it all the same. She manages to slip another finger in El, feeling El tighten around Nancy's index and middle fingers. Nancy grins – she didn't think this would feel as good as it does, and she wants more.

Maybe everyone was right. Maybe she *does* have all the right moves.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading! If you enjoyed this, leave a kudo or a comment - and if there's any other pairings you want me to write (any fandom!), feel free to request them! Chances are, I'll do them no matter what. But if you want more Eleven and Nancy Wheeler smutty goodness, raise your hand and holler. :)